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ANDERSON, S. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1914.

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\$5.00 PER ANNUM

Orr's Rifles
Moore's Rifles
Keitt's Regiment

ANDERSON COUNTY SURVIVORS

Holcombe Legion
Hampton Legion
Cavalry; Artillery

Interviewed For "The Intelligencer" By the Old Country Lady

ANDERSON CITY

B. L. BARNETT—Began service at the first outbreak, joining company F, Second South Carolina Rifles, remained in service three years and twenty days, had fever in Richmond, Va., and met with one wound from the effects of which he suffers today. Mr. Barnett's war trials are so very interesting that one never tires of hearing them. He tells them in such a pleasant frame of mind—but a cloud came over his face when he spoke of the battle near Spotsylvania where seven hundred men were killed on one acre of ground.

J. A. BROCK—Volunteered in company G, Second South Carolina Rifles, serving as guard duty in Columbia over 1,400 prisoners, all being officers in the Northern states. The prison was part of the old asylum. Mr. Brock was one of the boys, only 17 years of age and says they found war life tough, many of the youths dying from effects of measles. Mr. Brock says in his short term of serving he did the best he could, drew a cent of pay and thinks war was a place for play or pay. Mr. Brock was an officer of his company and a favorite with his men. He is one of the best loved citizens of Anderson county.

J. H. BURDINE—Entered service in company D, Hampton's Legion, in the infantry. Was in the war from start to finish. Was a prisoner for 18 months in Rock Island, Ill. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Mr. Burdine's reminiscences are perfectly beautiful and could the readers realize it, coming from a dear old man who lies on a bed of affliction, they would appreciate it more. The friends of the grand old hero know without a doubt that his days are numbered. Medical skill so far has done but little good and today he lies at his home in one of the lovely old mans of the waiting for the summons. Mr. Burdine's army whose ranks are growing thinner as the years go by, a true Confederate soldier. He left his home and loved ones at the first call of duty with his company—there never was a truer man or a better soldier. He served his country faithfully and well to the end of the bloody struggle. He takes great delight in talking of the awful experiences and hardships and courageous deeds of the ten years spent fighting with the boys in gray. In the struggle he was wounded but once. Mr. Burdine came out of the war a poor man, but with a determination to make the best of life, and today is an independent man. He has lived a soldier in two lines of battle one for his country and one for his Savior. Now as he is near the shore, he feels that all is well.

R. J. BYRUM—Entered service in company H, First South Carolina regiment with Captain T. H. Hall in command. Mr. Byrum says he was never in many battles, but was in some skirmishes. He served as wagoner. Mr. Byrum was always ready for duty of any kind.

COL. L. E. CAMPBELL—First corporal of company F, Second Rifle Regiment, Jenkins' Brigade, Field's Division, Longstreet's corps. Col. Campbell was a brave soldier and did a great deal of active service, he has promised to give us some of his experiences which will be read with interest.

W. C. CANN—Entered the army in 1861, served three and a half years, belonged to the second South Carolina cavalry, company H. Had but one furlough and that of 10 days only. Mr. Cann was a splendid soldier, and no doubt his feelings condition today the result of faithful service. He, like other heroes, has little to say of his fighting days—refuses to remember anything but the few joys they had while they suffered for food and for clothes.

He said when he entered the war he had no thought of ever taking anything. He believed he would never be hungry enough for that, but later suffering caused him to do otherwise. He told of where he and two others found two hot runs and in going back to camp had to cross over a ravine by means of only a small log. The first man and gun came over all right but the second broke, which ended seriously as the fall and the angry bees came near killing the man. Then he told how one of his menmates lost his horse. He had gone to a garden and let himself down into a big hole of potatoes and when he came out with his potatoes, his horse was gone, the owners of the potatoes had him. But next morning they brought the horse to camp and the officers promised to punish the owner. But the fellow who wore the gray was a strategist. He had taken the horse of one of the soldiers who was at that time dangerously ill and the fellow who had gotten the potatoes could not be found all after the horse had gone

TO THE
WOMEN
OF THE
CONFEDERACY



MONUMENT AT COLUMBIA, S. C.

In this monument generations unborn shall hear the voice of a great people testifying to the sublime devotion of the women of South Carolina in their country's need. Their unconquerable spirit strengthened the thin lines of gray. Their tender care was solace to the stricken. The tragedy of the Confederacy may be forgotten, but the fruits of the noble service of the daughters of the south are our perpetual heritage.—William E. Gonzales.

gent J. Y. Jones, Mr. Jones dying soon after having a leg amputated. Mr. Jones being color bearer when he received his death wound. Also Silas Crow, Jim Telford, and "Beau" Cox were all killed in this fight. After this battle they were under fire of gunboats from Jamestown. Next came the second battle of Manassas, where South Carolina lost seven colonels: Moore, Ledbetter, Marshall, Glover, Means, Gadsberry, and Palmer. Then on to Maryland in this march the regiment waded the Potomac river.

In the last battle Mr. Jones was wounded and disabled from service. Near Winchester he met with Col. Jas. L. Orr, who was then in the Confederate service. Col. Orr seeing Mr. Jones' feeble condition told him to cheer up that he would have him sent home immediately, but as there was no railroad nearer than Culpepper, which was 100 miles distant, he did not do so much fighting as they did starving—it was continual fight for food or die of starvation, then he told of a little incident where a bit of wisdom brought joy to a poor fellow. The whole company was without a bite to eat, and Mr. King with others was lucky enough to find a cow. They quipped the cow, and carried all to camp but the head, which Mr. King had placed up in the forks of a tree, and that night one of the soldier who had not gotten any, asked Mr. King would he go with him to where the head was. They took the long walk of three miles, found the head and brought it to camp and made a feast for a starving soldier. Mr. King believes it the young Americans could realize what war is there would never be anything but the thin lines of gray. Their tender care was solace to the stricken. The tragedy of the Confederacy may be forgotten, but the fruits of the noble service of the daughters of the south are our perpetual heritage.—William E. Gonzales.

J. B. LEWIS—Entered the service with company H, First South Carolina militia commanded by Captain Thomas H. Hall. At the outbreak of the war Mr. Hall was professor in the Johnson Female University. After the war he returned and entered the Baptist ministry. Later he moved west and soon afterwards died. Mr. Lewis went off with the company made up here—went to Charleston and became one of the militia—served on the coast, and as he said, laid down and let the Yankees shoot at him, while he looked hungry. Mr. Lewis says he was never in battle, but at times under fire, did not fighting at all, but thinks mortality rate was greater than now should we engage in war. War machinery is so different, but it can't be improved up, from Sherman's statement when he said "War is Hell."

T. P. McCLELLAN—Enlisted in company F, Holcombe Legion in 1861, serving four years part of time being spent in prison. He was captured at Garrett's Station, taken to Point Lookout where he was confined for four months, then transferred to Elmira, New York. Of this stockade Mr. McClellan says it was the most horrible place on top of the earth, the death rate among the prisoners being about 15 or 16 a day, many dying with scurvy. The prisoners' fare was barely enough to keep the body and soul together. "Ah!" continued Mr. McClellan, you can never imagine how horrible it is for a Southern soldier in a Northern prison.

P. K. McCULLY—A cadet at the Citadel at the time of the outbreak of the war. Joined the troops of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, tells some very interesting happenings to the band box boys as they were called by the seasoned soldiers who were with them, but the old heroes later gave them credit for making themselves useful and their martial

14th of April, 1861, age 18 years. It is doubtful if there is a man in South Carolina who was engaged in more battles than Andrew Osborne, and it is not to be wondered that in his possession he has two big bullets that were cut out of his flesh during his war term. One of these bullets was taken from his side and the other from a leg. His wounds were severe, but with all this, he fought in many battles. His memory failed to give them all but this list is a few: Battle of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Boonsburg, Sharpsburg, Willis Valley, Wilderness, Battle of Spotsylvania, Bermuda Hundred, Petersburg, Fort Harrison. In a number of skirmishes fought around Petersburg, this fighting near Petersburg, was a whole summer's fight, off and on. Mr. Osborne says the first two years the soldiers were fed very well, but after this they fared badly. He has a right to know for he was in it from start to finish.

Was at Appomattox Court House when he surrendered. Mr. Osborne has many mementos of the war. His parolee's pass is as bright as new, written April 10th, 1865, and signed by Captain Foster commanding office of the Palmetto sharpshooters.

Mr. Osborne's war experience is rich and rare, an evidence of faithful service in a great cause.

J. E. FRUIT—Entered the service in 1861, served nearly four years, and Mr. Pruitt didn't fool about it for he fought like he has worked ever since, and folks know how this old hero has heaved and sweated, and yet a man in middle age, Mr. Pruitt says he never did anything wonderful, but just stuck to his post, he belonged to company E, South Carolina Twentieth regiment, his war experience would fill a big volume.

D. H. RUSSELL—Entered the army in April 1861, serving in company B, Fourth South Carolina regiment, but after one year in this company joined Johnson's army, where he remained until the close of the war, and at the surrender in Greensboro "but," said Mr. Russell "don't write it down that I surrendered, the thought has never been with me for a moment that I surrendered." Mr. Russell has a fine war record and it is hoped that he will write it up for the credit of his friends, for he was not only a good soldier, but he is also one of the strongest writers in the State, for many years editor of The Peoples Advocate.

He has been in Virginia recently on a visit to his sons.

W. W. RUSSELL—Entered war at the beginning served whole term, was 16 years old was with company F, First South Carolina regiment. He received a wound while on John's Island, Mr. Russell's war experience is big and very interesting, he promises to write himself and give to the public some of his experience.

L. J. SCOTT—Entered service July 20, 1861, company L, Orr's Rifles, with Captain John V. Moore, Mr. Scott served the whole time, and his war record is a splendid one. He was taken prisoner near Richmond and carried to Point Lookout, Maryland. Remained a prisoner there for five months. Mr. Scott has some of his war life that will be published, but he feels sad over the fact that of the 103 in his company, today there are scarcely a dozen living.

L. P. SMITH—Served in company G, Second Battalion, South Carolina, reserves, guarded Yankee prisoners in Columbia. Was sick there with typhoid fever. Came home and was here at the time of the surrender. Says he didn't do anything wonderful, but he and the boys found a hog, killed it, and the owner of the hog reported them to head quarters, but the hog couldn't be found for a man in a hole in the tent which the boys had dug then placed the hog in it, covered the hog over with straw and slept on it, until there was no longer any hog. Mr. Smith says typhoid fever played havoc with the boy soldiers in his company. Of 65 about 30 or more died with fever and measles. Says they died like sheep, and no wonder for the nursing was deficient and diet had enough to kill the strongest, corn bread with sorghum molasses, was the meal three times a day.

M. E. TELFORD—Joined Company L, Palmetto sharpshooters in East Tennessee. His first battle was that of the Wilderness, then Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Siege at Petersburg, Remained in same company till close of war. Surrendered at Appomattox. Never lost a day from sickness or wounds. Mr. Telford, like many of the old soldiers, has plenty to tell, but can't tell it on the spur of the moment. Hope he will send a record of his war life.

A. J. OSBORNE—Joined Company C, Palmetto Sharpshooters on the

DR. R. E. THOMPSON—enlisted in Company G, Second South Carolina regiment in 1862, remaining in this service three years until the close of the war. Like all the old heroes refuses to tell much of his war experience. Says the half can never be told. That a soldier's life under the conditions and amid the surrounding of which the soldiers in gray were placed, can never be fully realized by the young Americans of to-day, and though fifty years have come and gone, his feelings remain the same, down deep in his heart he has never surrendered.

J. W. THOMSON—enlisted in Company G, Orr's Rifles. Began service in 1861, continued service for four years, captured at Falling Waters July 14, 1863, carried to Baltimore, Remained there for one month, taken from there to Point Lookout, Maryland, where he was a prisoner for one long year. Then transferred to Elmira, New York, where he remained for ten months, making in all Mr. Thomson was a prisoner for 22 months. Mr. Thomson says the horrors of prison life in Elmira stockade are more than a feeble pen can describe. The death rate in this horrible place averaged 15 a day, and he believes all that saved his life was the great quantity of fruit he ate, his horse folks supplying him with money, he having received \$150 during his imprisonment and he spent most of this for fruit, "yes," continued Mr. Thomson, "the prisoners at Elmira realized the meaning of war." We believe Mr. Thomson could say with the Duke of Wellington "War is a most deplorable thing. If you had seen one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another."

A. L. WELSH—served his company as a soldier from Tennessee, belonging to the Second Tennessee regiment. Began service March, 1861, serving the whole four years with no furlough, wounded twice. His first battle he was in during the four years. His first general was Sollicoffer, who was succeeded by General Crittenden. The latter had a brother who was General on the northern side. General Sollicoffer was killed by the bad management of Col. Crittenden. On the 19th, of October 1861, Mr. Welch was in the battle at Cedar Creek where the south gained the greatest victory of the whole war, and in the same evening lost the same battle.

B. F. WILSON—entered the war in 1865, joined South Carolina State troops, company H. Was not in war a great while, but says he got a plenty, and doesn't want any more war. His war experience was around Charleston with P. K. McCully his drill master, says he and McCully wanted to quit soon after the beginning. McCully moved that they quit and Wilson seconded it, but it was war and dislikes were not considered.

Then Mr. Wilson told of his illness. Was sent down to the city in a nasty little boat and when he got to the hospital he was black and dirty, and the little dude of a Doctor, who came to examine him said, "what you here for, wash your face and you will be all right," never gave him any medicine and Mr. Wilson slipped off, and went back to his regiment. Later marched from Charleston to Raleigh, N. C. and in the two weeks time they were marching he gained 30 pounds and he couldn't wait to eat it for they had nearly nothing to eat. At one time he drew nine loaves of bread for three days' rations, and the whole time they were ready to starve but he continued "I believe if we ate less and took more exercise in the open air we would all get fat." Mr. Wilson deserves credit for honesty, says he only ate one old goose, cooked it all night but it remained firm to the last, thinks it was a hundred years old.

J. P. YOUNG—One of the South's grand old heroes, he is now confined to his bed and too weak to give any of his war experience, but his past life is glory enough. He had been faithful in every vocation in life his comrades say he was ever faithful in battle, and his friends and neighbors feel that he has been to them a friend in the time of need, and they grieve because the splendid gentleman must soon answer the last roll call, and dear old father in Israel will go to receive his reward.

Congress may disagree upon other questions but in the matter of making war appropriations it never fails to act quickly. When President McKinley sent in his Spanish war message both houses promptly voted an appropriation of \$50,000,000 to be expended in the discretion of the president and for what ever purposes he deemed necessary.

It is reported that Provisional President Huerta of Mexico has bought a monoplane from the Moisant Aeroplane Company but it is doubtful what time it will be delivered to him.